Satyricon — 10/09/2022 12:08 AM
A parchment is placed on the bank pillars of Mirith

Looking for the traveling merchant Nal.
Will pay out a reward for anyone who can point out her current whereabouts...

Satyricon
RTQ_Fairy — 10/09/2022 10:12 AM
The crisp, blustery winds provided a strange sense of comfort as the hunter gazed over the port from her perch on the bowsprit ofThe Wayfarer. The winds of commerce, these were, and ever stronger did they blow through Port Gast.

“Ye sure ‘bout this, lass?” Runion shouted up from the docks.

“Yes, old man,” the hunter called down. “It’s time.”

“S’pose so, I… it just that I do feel's if ye only just got back ‘ere from Andris!”

“Morganstown, Runion, not Andris. The city is way too big for my tastes. But M Town… come festival time, it’s got good coin… and gossip. I’ve found my next big hunt.”

“Oho! So what ye be huntin’ now, a Zephyr?”

“A king.”

“Arrgh, even worse! But just ‘ow do ye fancy yer gonna find yerself one o’ those?”

“I met an old contact of mine in Mirith. He’s heard some things. And now I’m going to follow the trail. Who knows what sort of riches awaits at the end of it?”

“Ye do be a right crazy lass, Nal… ye know that, right?”

“I’m aware. Listen, Runion, we’ve got to weigh anchor. You take care of yourself now. And tell Wong I said farewell.”